About Baby's Food In Summer Months.

As the warm weather approaches, how many mothers are looking forward to baby's "second summer" with anxiety, for the heat and "teething" are a double menace. No man or woman ever has quite the hold in the household which the baby has; and not only its parents and the family physician take an inerest in the subject of baby's food, but scientific men think time well spent which is devoted to studying the little monarch's

Milk necessarily enters largely into the diet of the child under five years of age, but even milk, baby's natural food, contains within its composition the germs of disease, which the scientists and doctors lump under the conven-ient head of "microbes" and "bacteria." Cow's milk and mother's milk are neither free from these breeders of disease. It is a well-Cow's milk and mother's milk are neither free from these breeders of disease. It is a well-known fact that a mother's cross temper may affect the health of her child, not only through example, but through its natural fountain of nourishment, before it is old enough to have its feelings colored by the reflected light of a mother's smiles or frowns.

After many interesting experiments a partial remedy has at least been found, and the process is through sterilization.

To "sterilize" milk or water is simply to heat it sufficiently to destroy the germs of disease (microbes or bacteria) which may be in the apparently most healthy of cows' milk.

disease (microes or oneteria) which may con-in the apparently most healthy of cows' milk. Scientific machines have been invented to sterline either milk or water in large quan-tities. In several cities there are large estab-lishments where all the milk they sell is first

lishments where all the milk they sell is first put through the process of sterilization.

Mr. C. A. Carey, veterinarian of the agricultural experiment station of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Anburn, Ala., has made many interesting tests of milk, and recently issued a pamphlet full of practical information in regard to sterilization of milk in small quantities for family use or on farms. That same advice is just as applicable to eith meabs.

hie to city needs.

The latest word on sterilization, however, comes from the United States Department of Agriculture, and was prepared at the request of Secretary Morton by the chief of the bu-

of Secretary Morton by the chief of the bu-reau of animal industry, Dr. D. E. Salmon. The method he recommends is so simple that any woman can readily adopt it.

Take a milk bottle, or even a small fruit jar, and plug it tightly; if a bottle, with clean ection or cork. If a fruit jar, put the cover on loosely and place bottles or jars in a tin bucket with a tight-fitting lid, and the bucket

on loosely and place bottles or jars in a tin bucket with a tight-fitting lid, and the bucket in a kettle with a false bottom in cold water, and the water about the same height as the milk, say a little over two-thirds full.

The false bottom to the outside boiler may be made of a jae tin inverted after several holes have been punched in it with a nail and hammer. This bottom must be at least one-half inch from the kettle, to allow for the circulation of the water. A hole should be punched in the lid of the pail, a cork inserted, and a chemical thermometer put through the cork so that the buile dips into the water. This is for the temperature to be watched without removing the cover. When the milk is thus prepared, the apparatus is placed on the range or stove and heated to 155 degrees. Fahrenheit and kept there for one-half hour, when it is removed from the fire and the cover or cork made fast and airtight. Then the milk will have lost marry all of its disease-breeding animalculæ and will keep sweet for twenty-four hours.

If one is going on a journey it may be desirable to keep milk much longer, and the way to do that its treat it as housekeepers of other "sweet pickle." Put it through the exactly same process for three consecutive mornings, when it will keep for six or more weeks as pure and fresh as the day it was canned.

You can readily see how convenient that

You can readily see how convenient that

You can readily see how convenient that would be to one going on a railway journey, or to a city where it might be good milk could not be readily obtained. If milk is heated to even 167 degrees, it is said to undergo chemical changes which unfit it for buly food, or anybody else's food.

The mother cannot be too careful about cleaning bottles before using the second time. Take coarse sand or bottle brush and clean every bit of milk from the inside. A good way to do is to always fill the milk bottles with cold water immediately they are emptied. And always keep them airtight during and after the sterilization. Never fill up the kettle after the water in the sterilizer begins to boil. Fix it just as it should be at first, and do not leave this part of motherly care to a young

leave this part of motherly care to a young and thoughtless nurse or stupid girl, anyone it to be a mother can find no better use for her time than to devote herself to baby's boddy health and to forming its little mind as its nature opens and grows like a flower. Never put cold water into hot bottles nor cold bottles into boiling water unless you

want to break them.

A great deal of illness among children as well as abults comes from drinking impure water. One is always greatly astonished at water. One is always greatly astonished at these magnified views of the tiny things that live and move in every drop of water, how-ever pure we think it. To unwearied research of scientific men we owe the knowledge that typhoid lover and diphtheria and cholera all have germ centers in water; but it is a relief to begin to know where one scientifies do lark, for these ways was to experiment them. for then we may hope to exterminate them. Extreme heat or extreme cold only can kill Extreme heat or extreme cold only can kill one of these dreadful "miles." Water should be heated from 20% to 21% degrees Farenheit to kill interobes. It should be bottled cold, and the same course pursued in heating it for sterilization as for milk, only it must boil

sterimation as for mis, only if must boil from thirty to sixty minutes.

When cold, lay the bottles sideway on the crates in the lee box. A little care on the part of the housewife may not only prevent illness in the family, but that far sadder thing, death, from coming night to dear ones during the coming Summer.

An Exquisite Baby Basket.

An exquisite buby basket now on exhibition has some novel features in its equipment. It is in the form of a wicker hamper. The cover is lined with swiss over blue, and is held open by a stick wound with ribbon and finished with a pert little bow. One end of

Easter in a Hospital Bed.

"Number 106" must have been a beautiful weman once. You could see sad traces of loveliness in her wrecked face, lying there, only a trifle less blanched than the pillow, and framed in by brown hair that reached out upon the linen like running vines. The shadows under her big brown eyes were ominous, but the curve of her splendid mouth had not been destroyed by the lines of pain. She looked up wearily as the doctor passed her, and with just the falatest interest in the matter said, in a weak and slightly husky voice, that must once have been a rich contralto:

"What day is this?" The doctor turned as he went by and re-

"Sunday, Easter Sunday,

"Sunday. Easter Sunday.

Then he passed on to 108, who was expected to give up her bed at 11 o'clock—
that's the way they put it in the "hopeless ward"—and insisted on lingering.

"One hundred and six" opened her eyes a little at the reply. Her conception of time had been confused by six weeks on that bed.

this prop rests on the tray, which holds the toilet articles. The deeper space below is for the dainty garments. Three sides of the tray, which is likewise lined with swiss over blue, have pouch pockets made of the same material and their ruffle edges lined with lace. The fourth side has a bolster enshion attached, whose ends are flaring ruffles of lace-trimmed swiss and whose surface is wound across with Tom Thumbribbon in satin. The two handles of the tray are wound with this ribbon and have for a finish rosettes of the same. The powder box is of pasteboard, covered in the blue and white. The flat top of this box has a ruche of narrow lace and a great rosette of the ribbon completely covering it. All the brushes, etc., are of ivory, and among them stands a tiny pair of blue kid boots.

The Use of Tobacco Among Women

Pessimists, chronic grumblers, and a few have evidently given color to their views, say the Ledger, have been for some time bewail ing the alleged fact that there is a great in crease among women in the habit of smoking, and that the eigarette was a part of the daily indulgence of a very large class of women in

indulgence of a very large class of women in very good society.

It is unfortunate indeed when people take the results of their immediate personal observations as a scale by which to measure the acts and principles of general society and the world at large. It seems to go without saying that persons who send out these low-spirited and wailful screeds must have extremely Bohemian associates and intimates, whose nabits would scarcely be recognized or approved by well-bred people. True, some women in cultivated circles may occasionally indulge in a cigarette, or may smoke them regularly, for the matter of that; but this does not by any means prove that the feminine element in any means prove that the feminine element in refined circles indulge in such habits. As well argue that because some world-renowned dip-lomat with an ancestral name is taken home in a condition of hopeless intoxication all men are drunkards. Such a statement really proves nothing, except that the one who makes it must have a very limited or unfort-

proves nothing, except the provest nothing except that there is makes it must have a very limited or unfortunate range of vision.

The truth of the matter is that there is nothing like as much smoking among women as there was half a century ago. An eminent physician, who has practiced for fifty years in various parts of the country, says that forty years ago it was not an unusual thing for the aged grandmother to solace herself with a pipe. Sitting in the chimnoy-corner, she enjoyed her tobacco morning, noon and night, and not infrequently when anything perplexed or worried her. Comparatively few old women smoke nowadnys, and it would not be at all difficult to prove by statistics that the habit among women is steadily decreasing.

that the habit among women is steadily de-creasing.

It might be a good thing for these bugbear hunters to furnish facts and figures, and, if put to the test, be able to prove their state-ments. There are few things more harmful than an assertion that has a little grain of truth to build on. The pathetic complaint that women are going to the bad is worthy only of evil-minded people and those who may perchance feel willing and anxious to drag somebody down to their own level. They may possibly have seen a cigarette smoked in the dwelling of some respectable acquaintance, but the challenge is made to furnish evidence that these are other than exceptional cases, or that the wives and daughters of well-bred families are addicted to this habit. Those who cannot prove things to this habit. Those who cannot prove things ought to be a little careful about statements they make; but it is to the irresponsible class—those withdyspetic minds and bodies—that nine-tenths of the damaging rumors about women may be traced.

Was Always Lucky With Bets. The nurse-The great event is over, sir, and your wife is getting on nicely. Strazilski—Dell me qvick— I haf a bet mit mein bardner—is it a poy? The nurse—Well, to teil the truth, sir, it's twins a boy and a girl. Strazilski-Vot a narrow esgape! I lose on

von und vin on de udder. I alvays vas luggy in bets,—Judge, Advertisers in The Times are business men, but they are also friends of The Times. Patronize them, and tell them

about the paper if you are a friend.

Didn't Object to His Running. [From Brooklyn Life.]

From Brooklyn Life.]
Mr. Brown—I had queer dream last night,
ny dear. I thought I saw another man run-ling off with you.
Mrs. Brown—And what did you say to him?

Mr. Brown-I asked him what he was run-

The Worst That Can Happen

A.—What is the extreme penalty for bigamy? B.—Two mothers-in-law.

Show this paper to a Democrat. He ought to see it.

They Abuse the Sex. Japanese saying: A woman's tongue is only

three inenes long, but can kill a man six feet Balzac: Sincere and durable friendships be-

Russian Proverb: Twice is a woman dear: when she comes to the house, and when

Anon: The frieadship of a woman is a vir-Rabbi Ben Azai: Go down the ladder when

thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend Bourget: The only way to get the upp

Bochebrune: It is almost always to avoid

Lady Ashburton: The most dreadful thing

close against the blossomy long ago, gently and firmly. She heard the voices on the and firmly. She heard the voices on the river—how dewy and meilow they sounded—but they seemed to come across the old meadow. She heard the flutter and chirp of sparrows around the easement, but they were the swallows round that little garret window of hers, where the honeysuckle hung thick and the yellow jackets buzzed and droned and where she so often sat and dreamed the drone of lays and hone.

dream of love and hope,

All the actual details of the cold, inevitable All the actual details of the cold, inevitable present method into the sunshiny past. A barrel organ somewhere in the neighborhood was piping "Annie Laurie." The cadences came in "little elfin echoes, strangely inwrought with a sad, far-away perfume. She could hear Molly calling her from the little parlor downstairs; the mystic sounds of the barrel organ got to be the tones of the old melodeon that stood in the parlor, and Molly's voice accompanied it as she practiced the Easter anthem.

"Are you coming, Jen? We shall be too late."

How inexpressibly familiar and dear the sister's words were now. Just then a young doctor came to the bedside and leaned over her; with one finger he lifted the drooping eyelid and looked at the pupil. It shrank as

little at the reply. Her conception of time had been confused by six weeks on that bed. The only events that had come to here were in the shape of nurses and doctors. She had a vague sense that just beyond that window, which this morning was puiled down to let in the soft spring air, there was a big flowing river. The rest was uncertain.

Easter Sunday made her wonder. The two words somehow connected themselves with the soft air that came in at the window. "Easter Sunday," she repeated several times inaudibly, as if trying to put her emotions into some kind of intelligible form.

The inner necromancy of association began to work its mystic spell. It was so still there in the "hopeless ward" that every outer sound came in clearly defined on that pulse of spring air. And then her senses were strangely sharpened. Now and then she heard a gasp or a choke from one of the adjacent beds, but she was used to that. Even the death rattle had grown familiar in six weeks, and she always know just what took playe after when she heard the bustle and the footsteps. Another patient had been carried out.

But this morning there was a "breezy call" on the "incense breathing morn." Something whipped her back over the years and held her

DICKER ABOUT REAL ESTATE WILL DIE A LEPER.

Heroic Devotion of Don Unia, a Priest in There is a man in the little Republic of Co-

very pathetic life, and will soon die as heroes die. He is known as Don Unia, is a priest of Site Discussed in the Senate. the Catholic church, and until 1889 was sta

tioned at Turin, Italy. He is now the spiritual father of a colony of about 1,200 lepers at Agua di Dios. When he first assumed his duties he was a strong and healthy man, but he has recently been taken seriously fil, and there is very small chance of recovery. He is happy, however, and does not in any way regret his devotion to the un-fortunate class who are avoided by the rest of the world and compelled to live by them-

selves.

Don Unid was a beloved priest in his native land, but the stories of these suffering folk, who lived in misery and died without the consolations of religion, reached his ears. His heart burned within him to spend himself for their comfort and encouragement. This desire grew so strong that resistance was impossible, and he asked and received permission to do what Father Danzien did in Molokai, expatriate himself, throw everything behind him, and minister to the afflicted people who are universally shunned.

him, and minister to the afflicted people who are universally shunned.

His reception by the colony was remarkable in many respects. A procession of children, waving little banners, gave him welcome, while those on the side of the road looked on with tearful eyes, not able to join the goodly company because of their physical aliments. It was a picture never to be forgotten, and one that very few travelers have ever beheld. In the foreground were the boys and girls, who must needs sing their songs like birds in cages, for they were doomed at their birth and would carry contagion if allowed their freedom. In the background were cripples, the maimed and halt and blind, sufferers awaiting the summons which alone can afford awaiting the summons which alone can afford relief. Some of them, says Don Unia, were without hands, others without arms, and still others without feet, a pitiable sight The priest knew the sacrifice he was about

to make, but made it cheerfully. Once within the limits of that colony, he must stay there. He might live in immunity from the disease for a year or more, but his fate was inevitable and could not be evaded. He faced the facts and took his enances for dear humanity's

and now he has fallen. The malady has And now he has fallen. The manady has been raging for some weeks, and there is no remedy. He will surely die, but still he smiles and declares that it is not too great a price to pay for the children of God. Such devotion is not simply heroic, it is divine.

Diet for Dyspepties. There are so many forms of dyspepsia that it is almost impossible to give the foods most suitable without a knowledge of each case, Dyspepsia usually is caused by one of two things, either defective muscular action or defective secretion of gastric juice. When it can be ascertained where the digestion is at fault, then nearly absolute directions can be given in regard to diet. In the majority of cases the articles given in the following list can be taken, but often certain ones of these disagree: Thin vegetable soups, raw oysters, poached or soft-boiled eggs, good brown broad, gluten bread, boiled rice, catmeal, spinach, cresses, celery, lettuce, string beans, asparagus, oranges, peaches, pears, baked apples, and grapes. Granula, farinose, and barley crystals are especially good forms of cereals for the dyspeptic. As much depends upon the preparation as upon the selection of the foods. Dyspepsia usually is caused by one of two

Show this paper to a lady. She will surely like it.

Cows Milked by a Frog.

[From the Savannah Morning News.]
A youth who lives at High Shoals says that his father's cows frequently came up at night with the appearance of having been milked, His father got tired of it and sent him to the pasture with the cows to catch the thief. He pasture with the cows to catch the thief. He spent the day near enough to the cows to watch them, he thought, but at night it was still evident that the cows had been milked again. He was scolded, and sent back with them the next day. About 11 o'clock, he says, a cow went into the canes near a small lake and lowed. He crept through the brush and caught the thief in the next, and he proved to be a bulifrog as large as a hat. The frog was hanging on to the cow's udder, and seemed to be enjoying his dinner immensely.

An Economic Tea Gown,

bination, but green and black has a Frenchy air that is irresistible. A woman who made this discovery has created for herself a house frock out of the ball dress that had done duty all Winter. It was a pale green silk, with fluttering white ribbons and laces. She ripped it apart and had it cleaned. The bod-ice and skirt were joined, and the joining marked by a fine black silk cording about her marked by a fine black six cording about her waist. A ruffle of green, edged with narrow black lace, trimmed the foot of the skirt. The low-necked bodies was pieced up and half covered with narrow ruffles of green, each outlined with very narrow black lace. Altogether it is the prettiest frock that does duty behind a Lenten tea table.

What Thread Biting Does. Women who do much sewing frequently suffer a great deal from soreness of the mouth and are at a loss to ascertain the cause of the trouble. Half the time it is cause of the trouble. Half the time it is simply the resuit of biting off the thread in-stead of using a pair of shears for cutting. In the case of silk thread the danger is quite marked, because it is usual to put the thread in acetate of lead, partly to harden it and also, perhaps, to increase its weight somewhat. If this practice is followed regularly, and very much slik thread is used, the result may be quite serious, and lead to blood poi-

Talk to subscribers in The Times about The Times; not of the hard times, but about your new morning daily.

glorious sunshine of promises and possibil-ities. Love in the service and in the long walk home. Somebody, handsome, gentle, and hopeful, trembling at her touch, and the brooks singing madrigals for them, and the hemlocks waving triumphent plumes for them, and the little community smiling on

them.
Still the beat of that bell in A minor. It was like a crystal of sound—so clear and so full of magical pictures. She was standing at the altar in that little church. Jack had hold of her hand, and she felt his tremble. She could hear Molly's voice in the choral hymn ring out above all the rest as they walked down the aisle—married. There was the crowd of villagers on the little green where the vehicles were tied. The air was heavy with locart blassers.

where the vehicles were tied. The air was heavy with locust blossoms. Squire Burchard was whispering something in her ear again and kissing her on the forehead.

All the dark years of disappointment, misery and shame that came afterward in the torrent of time seemed now to settle out of sight in this still pool of retrospection. Her consciousness was pulsing in A minor. Something of the regenerative power of the spring penetrated her heart. There had been a mistake somewhere. She would not have the ghost of reality—the only real thing was that jubilant present into which she had lapsed, with its glad bell summoning her.

"I must get well." she marmured "The

"I must get well," she murmured. "The earth is astr. It's wicked to be lying here. Do you hear that bell? It is the voice of the Do you hear that bell? It is the voice of the spring calling me. I was born in April. I was married in April. I'm coming, Molly. Put the flowers on the mantel; they're Jack's flowers. Dear Jack, I knew you'd come back when I heard the bell. It sounded like your voice; we've been wicked and wretched, I know, but it's all over. What's the use of quarreling any more? See, it's spring again. I'm so tired of lying here. If you only knew how I ache and how these people look at me you'd come and take me away. I know I'vs been bad, but you are strong. Don't you remember how you carried me over the Sawmill river on the stones? Dear Jack, I've remembered every word you said to me. You thought I didn't, but I did. Don't you know what you said when we got back to me. You thought I didn't, but I did. Don't you know what you said when we got back from the church? 'My darling, I've got you now, and if love is strength I'm going to keep you all eternity.' Jack, don't believe 'em if they tell you lies about me. It's a dream. We're just the same as we always were. Can't you turn me over so I can see your face?"

The young doctor, who was standing at the bedside, laid his book down and put his arm under her. It wasn't done very tenderly.

under her. It wasn't done very tenderly.

She made a weak clutch at him. "Oh, Jack, you hurt me. I am awfully sore. Don't look at me that way. I'll piek up. It's only my sickness. I feel better to-day. Do you hear that bell?—hark! You'll have to hurry, Jack.

We'll be late, and Molly's so particular! man; he at one

Choice of Government Printing House

MAHONE LOT ADVOCATES AHEAD

In the Meantime the Lives of Nearly Three Thousand Government Employes Are Being Endangered by Delay-Whole Question Opened for Reconsideration.

Senator Vest brought up his bill for the rection of a Government Printing Office building in the Senate yesterday. He de clared that there was great urgency in the matter, and that as it would take from three to five years to construct the building, and in the meantime the 2.500 or 3,000 employes of the office were kept in an office wholly unsuitable and dangerous to life, the Senate should permit no further delay. By the plan he proposed there will only be re-quired six months for the erection of a building, whereas otherwise several years would be required. This, and this alone, explained the change in his attitude in recommending the use of the lot adjoining the present office, Senator Stewart interposed that he was

arnestly in favor of the immediate construction of such an office, and therefore he favored the selection of the Mahone site on North Capitol and M streets. The work of the office ould be continued without interruption if this lot were chosen. In answer to a question from Senator Butler, Senator Stewart explained that it would be difficult to work in the present printing office if the erection of an additional building were begon next to it. Senator Vest in reply read a letter from the Public Printer and Senator Gorman, the Public Printer and Senator Gorman, chairman of the Senate Committee on Print-ing, advocating the construction of a building that could be erected in six months, the pres-ent building to be torn down at that time. The Missouri Senator said that if Senators refused to agree to the present lot and ators refused to agree to the present lot and the committee plan, they must assume the risk of life or injury to the employes during the year they would be kept in the present miserable and dangerous building. He further declared that no understanding favor-ing this lot could possibly be arrived at with the House of Representatives. Senator Carey offered an amendment sub-stituting the so-called "Carroll" plot for that mentioned in the bill.

mentioned in the bill.

Senator Quay objected that the report presented by Mr. Vest was not supported by all

the committee.
Senator Manderson said the Committee on Printing had known and worried over the condition of the building, and he was glad now that the bill had come into charge of the Committee on Public Grounds and Buildings. He thought the present building, propped up, as it now is, was more dangerous than Ford's theater after the excavations were made. The best work that had been done was that by the best work that had been done was that by the commission, which had considered the matter and reported unanimously in favor of the change some time ago. The lot suggested was the old baseball lot, vacant to-day as then, and it was the best one that could be chosen now. He deprecated the disreputable efforts of real estate agents to make money out of the job, and declared it was they who were precipitating the present fight in both houses of Congress. He had lost his preference to have any particular location chosen have any particular location chosen ause of his anxiety for the lives of the embecause of his anxiety for the lives of the employes in the present building. Senator Manderson, in reply to a question from Senator Harris, stated the prices of lots suggested by him near the baseball lot, including the Johnson lot, which varied from \$196,000 up. The Nebraska Senator would be glad to help the gentleman (Mr. Mahone) who was the owner of the lot, whose purchase was urged by Senator Quay if his lot were the most desirable, but it was not in size or shape and would be less so when the Baltimore and Ohlo railroad consolidated its two branches, depriving the Mahone lot of its proximity to rail transportation.

portation. Senator Gorman spoke in favor of Senator Vest's proposition, urging that land adjacent be acquired and a building creeted thereon. He deciared that any business man in the Senate or out of it would pursue the same course.

Senator Carey explained that for the price
(\$175,000) asked for the land adjoining the
present printing office fully twice as much
land could be acquired elsewhere. He thought
it did not make so much difference who owned

The amendment to Senator Vest's bill, providing for the purchase of the Mahons lot, was then voted on and carried, 27 to 22, but a mo-tion of Senator Harris was allowed reopening consideration of the vote.

Show this paper to an Anarchist. It won't please him a bit.

Polite-and Frightened.

Mrs. Moriarty (doing Paris)-D'ye notice how polite these Frenchmen are to wan an-

Mr. Moriarty -- Yis, begorry! I do belave each wan av thim is afraid av ivery other wan av thim—Puck.

She Loved Him So Much. The wife-I've quit asking people if my onnet is on straight. The husband-Why, my dear?

The wife—I love you too much, John, to disgrace you by calling a body's attention to an old bonnet like this.—Truth, Talk to advertisers in The Times about The Times: not of the hard times, but about your

new morning daily.

You'll be patient with me, won't you? My head falls over on my breast. I'm so tired."
The doctor looked at his watch as the
nurse came up. "She'il probably keep this
up an hour or two," said he. "I'd take No.

The doctor looked at his watch as the nurse came up. "She'll probably keep this up an hour or two," said he. "I'd take No. 200's bed if I were you."

"Nonsense," said the nurse. 'This one will be cold before noon. I know the actions. She's talking in her last sleep now."

The doctor smiled at the phrase, and he and the nurse moved away agrin.

"Molly," said the patient, in a husky whisper, and with that confusion of identities that is characteristic of the the suspension of "olition—"Molly, Jen's all right, poor thing. She ought to have her hair dressed, though. It's a shame to have her lying there in that condition. You know Jack's coming, and—don't you hear the bell;—listen! We must get her up." Then a moment later, and almost inaudibly—"It's the lilacs, Jack. I'm going to take them to the church. You shall carry them. Nobody ever saw lilacs at Easter before. What a strange odor they have this year—it almost takes one's breath away—but—I am happy."

Ten minutes later some one lifted her head and looked at her then he let it fall back on Ten minutes later some one lifted her head and looked at her then he let it fall back on the pillow. Friendless, helpless, and alone, the beautiful wreck had gone through the

gates of death.

There is no sequel, no moral to this actual transcript of life. I dare say that on the same morning the warm sun was lying on the dead blackberry vines in the old graveyard. I dare say other girls in Easter frocks were looking out of the window, and the bees were humming round the headstone on Jack's grave—as they had hummed every spring for three years.

three years.

But as this poor worn body was moved from as this poor worn oody was moved from the narrow bed the bells were pouring their Easter clamor through the window. It was the same A minor. In it the promise of resur-rection, but also something of the threnody of life.—New York Press.

In the Intelligence Office.
[From Judge.]

Lady (to prospective cook)-Very well then; you may consider yourself engaged then; you may consider yoursent engages and may come on Wednesday of next week. Cook—Well, if ye plaze, mum, ye may say to yer cook that is that Oi'll be comin' up fer a few noights befoorhan' in arder t' git used t' th' bid, fur whiniver I shlape in a strange

Covered by a Revolver.

[Pick-Me-Up.] Sophronia—Yes; when the burglar broke nto my room I was almost undressed.

Angelina—How very embarrassing! What lid you do?

Sophronia—Oh, he was a perfect gentie
can be at once covered me with his revolver.

GRACE'S CLAIM REJECTED. The Chilean Commission Decides in Favor

of One and Against Three. The Chilean Claims Commission yesterday rejected one of the largest claims put forward by the American side when it sustained a motion to dismiss the Grace claim, amounting to \$2,250,000. This decision was reached by a divided commission, Judge Goode disse and the reason assigned was that the claim and the reason assigned was that the claim, ants having been shown to have given aid and comfort to Peru during the last war, the claim, which grew out of violated nitrate contracts, was specifically bound by the treaty creating the completion

the commission.
As a small set-off against the action the commission made an award to Winfield Scott Schrigley of \$5,086 to reimburse him for property destroyed by the Chileans during the last war. Serigley was a physician residing in Valparaiso. Following this the commission dismissed two more American cases, one being the claim of John L. Thorndyke for 140,000 Chilean dollars for railroad property destroyed at Molendo, Peru, and the other being a claim of \$19,000 filed by Elizabeth C. Murphy and others for furniture, household Murphy and others for furniture, household effects, etc., destroyed on a plantation near Lima, Peru. The commission is now engaged in hearing

the presentation of the claim of the Southern and South American Telegraph Company for injuries sustained to their business, amounting to \$182,959.

Women and Fashions During the social reign of Catherine de Medicis the ladies never washed their faces. There was an idea that water injured the complexion, and the face was wiped off with a rag dipped in milk.

High-heeled shoes first appeared in the reign of Louis XIV. The heels were often five inches in height, and walking was thus made very difficult and painful, but the sacrifice was cheerfully made. The "hedgehog" came into style in 1878.

The entire mass of hair was frizzed from roots to tips, was bunched up on top of the head and kept in place by ribbons. This Hottentot style lasted to varies.

style lasted ten years. In the sixteenth century the faces of ladies were covered with a sort of enamel. It was brittle, and the wearers were obliged to re-serve a fixed expression of countenance to keep it from cracking.

Handkerehiefs were brought into general use during the Empire in France. The Em-press Josephine had bed teeth, and when talking or laughing always held her handkerchief before her mouth,

Frankish women had only one pomade, a grease proceeding from the skin of sheep and clinging to its wool. It had a nauseous odor, but was singularly efficacious in giving othness to the skin.

Show this paper to a Republican. He ought to see it.

Personals. Mrs. W. W. Townsend is now in Boston where she will remain three weeks. Miss Connaily has returned to the city and is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Curry, Ex-Postmaster General and Mrs. Wana-maker are at Atlantic City for several weeks.

Mr. William St. Clair, of Shadyside, Md., has been in the city several days visiting friends. Col. C. H. Carlton, of the Eighth Cavalry,

stationed at Fort Meade, South Dakota, is stopping at the Richmond. Dr. Frederick C. Biley, of New York city, who has been touring Florida, is visiting Col. George S. Martin, of Q street.

Miss Fannie Grothjean, of Boise City, Idaho is visiting friends in this city. She has been abroad studying art for over four years. Commissioner of Patents Seymour left yes-terday morning for his home in Connecti-cut. He will remain until Monday or Tues

Ex-Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, left

Commodore Kirkland, who had been ordered to Hawaii to relieve Admiral Irwin of the command of the American forces there, arrived at the Navy Department yesterday. Miss Julia Krebs, of Baltimore, who has seen visiting Miss Eunice Welch in this city, returned to her home yesterday afternoon, ac-companied by Miss Welch and Miss Mabel

Mr. and Mrs.C. S. Noyes, Miss Myra Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Kauffman, Miss Louise Kauffman, Mr. J. W. Thompson and Miss Ida Thompson, of this city, are enjoying an ex-tensive tour of Asiatic countries.

Show this paper to an Anarchist. It won't please him a bit.

A Prophect.

"There," said Dawson, putting out his feet
—"there is a pair of shoes for which I paid
only \$2.50. Bather nobby for the price, ch?"
"Yes; and the older they get the knobbler
they will be," said Harkins.

Rockville. Mr. James H. King, of Boyd's, has gone to Mis-Rev. William Chinn left here on Saturday night last to visit his old home in Virginia. The building in which the large bakery busi-cess at Germantown is to be carried on has been

Rev. James T. Marshall, of Wilmington, Del. has accepted the call as pastor of Warne rial church, Kensington. Rev. George H. Nock, state organizer of the Maryland Sunday School Union, was in Gaithers-burg last week, making arrangements for hold-ing the annual Sunday School convention there in May next.

William Hill, who assaulted Capt. Martin or wanam mill, who assaulted Capt. Martin on Saturday night on the train that leaves Washing-ton at 11.39 for Boyd's and way stations, was given a hearing before Justice Morgan. In de-fault of \$500 bail he was remanded to jail to await the action of the grand jury. Hill has been employed on the farm of Mr. J. T. Kelly at Gar-rett Park.

The Cure for Love.

It was Kitty who first suggested to me that our prescription was not working well. As soon as she spoke I was bound to admit it. I had thought that Jack would easily get over his unfortunate attachment; I expected that after a few quiet words with us he would forget Clara Wilkinson and her disgraceful treatment of him. She was, in my opinion, a worthless girl, and I grieved to see him take the affair so seriously. And just at first he had appeared to rally. He had become more cheerful and more ready for society. I said as much to Kitty, but she pointed out that there had been a relapse. In fact, she was emphatic on the question.

"He's getting no good here at all," she said. most positively. "Really, in his own interest, I must ask you to send him away " "The girl has spoiled his life!" I cried.

angrily. Kitty looked at me for a moment. but said nothing. "I suppose you're right," I went on. "He would be better in a livelier place." "Of course he would, you dear old stupid,"

"Of course he would, you dear old st said Kitty.

I did not see that I had been stupid. "There is nothing to distract his thought "There is nothing to distract his thoughts here," I said,
"You will speak to him, then?" asked Kitty. She was decidedly in earnest about it.
"A woman does these things so delicately and tactfully," I suggested,
"Oh, I couldn't think of it, Robert," said
Kitty highling, admired her delicated.

"Oh, I couldn't think of it. Robert," said Kitty, blushing. I admired her deilbacy. He was walking up and down the gravel walk, hitting at my flowers (of which I am rather proud) with his stick, and smoking one of my cigars (I'm a judge of cigars) at a ruinous pace. When I joined him and linked my arm through his he started.

"Jack," said I. "wouldn't you be better away from here? Come, you know what I mean. You're no great hand at a secret."

"I-I—" he began, stammering, and in great confusion.

reat confusion.
"I know all about it," said I, encouragingly.

"I know all about it," said I, encouragingly.
"I thought you'd get good out of the place, but it's clear you haven't; quite the contrary. You want to see new things and new people, and forget this—" I paused for a word and ended, "this unhappy mistake of yours."
"Upon my honor, you are a good fellow," he exclaimed. "I don't know another man who would have treated me as you have," and he covered his eyes with his hand.
"Oh, nonsense. It's nothing. I hope I'm always ready to do my friends a turn. But it's no use, is it? It gets worse and worse,"

HOOSIERDOM'S POLITICAL SAY.

Forecast of Possible Changes in Congres SPECIAL TO THE TIMES.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 22.—There will be a revolution in polities in Indiana this year, and the present Democratic majority in Congress will be succeeded by a Republican rep resentation equally as large. In the First district Mr. Taylor will be suc-

eeded by a Republican, most likely Frank R. Posey, of Evansville, a great grandson of Gov. Posey and a lineal descendant of George Washington. Mr. Posey is an attorney of prominence, and served a part of Gov. Hovey's term in Congress in 1889.

Hovey's term in Congress in 1889.

Mr. Bretz, present Congressman from the Second district, is having a hard flight for remomination, his leading opponent being C. J. Davis, of Bloomfield, Greene county. Davis was tricked out of the, nomination four years ago, and his revenge seems now at hand.

Mr. Brown, of the Third district, is doomed. He will fail of a renomination, and his successor will be S. M. Stockslager, who was twice elected to Congress several years ago. He was Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1886, and is experienced in public matters.

In each county of Mr. Holman's district there is an aspirant for his place, but as these basswood statesmen cannot get together, Holman will be renominated, but his election is not certain. The Republicans will nominate Will Cumback, one of the ablest campaigners in the state, to oppose Holman, and Cumback declares he will defeat the old "watch-dog."

Cumback declares he will defeat the old "watch-dog."

Mr. Cooper will make the race again in the Fifth district, but will fail of election. He has made many bad breaks in the distribution of the post offices, and those who failed to realize on Mr. Cooper's promises will even up matters with him at the polls. The Republican nominee will be Enoch Fuller, of Bloomington.

Mr. Lobreson, the Republican Persecution.

Bloomington.

Mr. Johnson, the Republican Representative from the Sixth district, will be returned.

Mr. Bynum will be defeated by Charles L.
Henry, of Anderson, who made the race against Bynum in 1892. Mr. Brookshire is serving his last term as the Representative of the Eighth district. It is doubtful if he can be renominated; but whether he is or not, the district will go Republican in November.

Mr. Wangh, of the Ninth district, will not ask for a renomination, and his successor.

ask for a renomination, and his successor will be W. H. Hart, formerly Third Auditor of the Treasury. The district is safely Republi-

the Treasury. The district is safely Republi-can.

In the Tenth district Hammond, the pres-ent Democratic Representative, will be suc-ceeded by a Republican. Numerous aspirants are in the field, and at present the outlook in-dicates the nomination of C. B. Landis, of Delphi, a brother of Judge Gresham's private secretary.

George W. Steele, who has served several terms in Congress, will likely be nominated George W. Steele, who has served several terms in Congress, will likely be nominated in the Eleventh district, now represented by Mr. Martin, enairman of the Committee on Invalid Pensions. The Republican nominee will be elected. Mr. McNageny, Democrat, will be returned from the Tweldth district, while Mr. Conn, Democrat, will give way for a Republican in the Thirteenth.

From these reports it will be seen that the Republicans are pretty sure of the thirteen Congressmen to be elected this fail, and should they defeat Holman, the present ratio of the delegation will be changed in their favor.

Talk to advertisers in The Times about The Times; not of the hard times, but about your

new morning daily. TREATWENT OF THE FEET. An Authority Discusses Hot, Ice, and Spirit

(From the New York Times) A writer in Boots and Shoes has been interiewing a chiropodist on the care of the feet and has got this information from him con cerning the treatment for heated, tired feet

Baths For Them

after walking or standing:

He says, truly enough, that authorities
differ as to the value of the various foot baths.

"Hot water enlarges the feet by drawing the
blood to them. When used they should be
rubbed or exercised before attempting to put
on a tight boot. Mustard and hot water in a
bot bath will cure a nervous besides and on a tight boot. Mustard and hot water in a hot bath will cure a nervous headache and finduce sleep. Bunions and corns and callousness are nature's protestations against bad shoe leather. Two foot baths a week and a little pedicuring will remove the cause of much discomfort. A warm bath, with an ounce of sea salt, is almost as restful as a nap. Paddle in the water until it cools, dry with a rough towel, put on fresh stockings, make a change of shees, and the person who was 'ready to drop' will then be ready to stand up, but the quickest relief from fatigue is to plunge the foot in ice-cold water and keep it immersed until there is a sensation of warmth. Another tonic for the sole is alcohol. It dries the feet nicely after being out in the wet. Spirit baths are used by professional dancers, acrobats, and pedestrians to keep the feet in condition.

The ice-cold foot bath seems rather a dan-

The ice-cold foot bath seems rather a dan gerous remedy to persons unaccustomed to and the caution is suggested to experime with it in very mild weather.

Show this paper to an Anarchist. It won't

A Word for Girl Babies It was a man governor who said recently in a lecture, after describing the power of Joseph Jefferson to amuse: "I would rather possess the power to remove dull care than to

be President of the United States, afflicted

with the Sherman law and disappointed with two girl babies." It was a woman editor who

two girl babies." It was a woman editor who answered: "Girl babies are at a premium. Their sex furnishes but a very small fraction

of the paupers and criminals of the country and much less than half the idiots. They are

quite as likely to be carrying off the bonors the universities and going into partnersh with their fathers in business." Show this paper to a Democrat. He

ought to see it.

"I'll go," he said, with a sigh; "I won't stay a minute. After what you say, I couldn't.
And, old man, I don't know how to thank
you. Many fellows would have taken the
way I've been going on badiy; most
would —"

would —"Oh, we made allowance for you. Young men mustn't be judged too harshiy." "But you're a true friend. It makes me feel pretty bad, I can tell you, Bob."
"Oh, you'll soon forget it when you're on the "I'll try. By Jove, I will!" he exclaime earnestly.
"Do; it only needs a little resolution. Be

cause, between ourselves, you know, you oughtn't to be be inconsolable."
"Eh?"
"In my opinion, Jack, you've had an escape. And you can take my word for it. Remember, I know the lady pretty well." In fact, I'd met Clara Wilkinson a hundred times, and had a perfectly definite opinion

about her.
"Oh, you musn't say a word about her," he
protested; "she's been all that's good, and kind, and "'Of course you say that," I interrupted, impatiently; "I suppose you're bound to, but it won't go down with me. If ever there was a heartless, worthless jade—""Bob!" he cried, starting away from me; but I was determined he should hear the truth

"If ever a woman," I pursued, "led a young "If ever a woman, I pursued, Joua young fellow on deliberately, wickedly, never mean-ing anything except to get him in her toils and then turn him adrift with a laugh—that's what she meant with you. Oh, I know her—

The unhappy young man turned pale and his lips trembled. is lips trembled.
"Now you know the truth about her, and hope you'll proceed to put her image out of our heart," I concluded.
"I'd have staked my life on her!" he mur-

mured; "she—she seemed sodifferent. Bob, I couldn't help it, she never ——"
"You were only the victim," I interrupted, patting his shoulder.
"I—I shall go at once. I can't stay here, This revelation—you are telling me the truth, Bob?" "Honestly, to the best of my knowledge," I

answered firmly.

"How awful" said he.

"Surprised, are you? Why, any of the fellows at the club could have told you the same

lows at the cure could hard, gazing at me, thing."

"Awful!" he murmured, gazing at me, "Come, come," said I, "it's possible to make too much of such a trouble as this. When one's eyes are once opened!"—and I ended with a shrug of the shoulders.

Suddenly he held out his hand.

"Shake hands, old man," he said.

I shook hands. The poor fellow was a good deal moved, and I didn't wish to appear cold deal moved, and I didn't wish to appear cold.

BAUM'S

416 SEVENTH STREET.

HIGH-CLASS MILLINERY.

You need not fear disappointment here. We have greater trimming facilities than any millinery establishment in Washington, and no matter how great the rush you will have your hat in time to wear Sunday, and A HAT YOU CAN BE PROUD OF. More stylish work than we turn out is not possible. The trimmed hats we show cannot be duplicated for beauty. Above all, we save you money on every article of millinery you buy of us.

UNTRIMMED HATS, hundreds of styles, all the leading shapes, every quality, lowest prices. FLOWRIS, in the bewilderment of variety, lowest grades to the finest, 15c to \$1.50.

JETS, FEATHERS, &c. We are showing all the latest novelties.

MOIRE RIBBONS

BLACK, WHITE, AND ALL COLORS. BLACK, WHITE, AND ALL COLORD.

The scarcest thing in the mercantile market to-day is black and white fnoire ribbons. Judicious purchases in these lines enable us to offer you all widths, at prices as low as ever, notwithstanding the great advance in the wholesale price of them.

BLACK AND WHITE MOIRE RIBBONS—Two Grades.

The best, No. 4 to 5-inch, 5c to 55c yd.
The next, No. 2 to 5-inch, 5c to 55c yd.
White, Satin-back Moire, No. 5 to 9-inch, 125c.

to \$1.25 yd. All colors, best grade, No. 3 to 5-inch, 14c to 75c yd. All colors, next grade, No. 3 to 5-inch, 7c to 35c yd. Fancy Moire Hibbons, No. 3 inches wide, all colors, 35c yd.

Riack Fancy Moire Ribbons, 3 inches wide, 35c yd.

New Silks

Dress Goods.

BAUM'S.

GOSSIP

W. D. Clark & Co. 807 Market Space.

The warm weather has caught you without that Spring Dress. It was not our faultwe have had them for several weeks. We mean our fine line of silks, including those beautiful figured and India Silks at 44c to \$1 per yard, can-not be excelled. Our assortment of black dress goods were never larger and cheaper-black silk Grenadine, black satin Duchess are wonders for the

Elegant line plain black India Silks, 60c to \$1.25 per yard. Fine line of Spring Dress Goods from 39c to \$1.50 per yard.

Complete line of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Fine Table Linen, and a complete line of housefurnishings generally.

W. D. CLARK & CO.,

807 Market Space.

Resistin' a Officer

[Detroit Tribune.] 'The Court-What is the charge against this Patrolman—Resistin' a officer.

The Court—What were the circumstances? Patroiman—I axed 'im for a cigar, an' he told me to go to ——." "I shall go straight," he repeated,
"Well, to-morrow morning will do,"
"No. To-night; the next train. And you ou must stay here?"
"Of course I stay here," I answered, staring

"It's bad for me, old chap," he said, laying a hand on my shoulder; "but, by Jove, what must it be for you!"

"For me!" I exclaimed. "What do you

mean?"
"That woman!" he gasped; "and how do keep it up! One would think, to see youwell, well, it's brave. It would kill me in a month. It's brave, that's what it is."
"What in the world are you talking about? I haven't spoken to her for three years."
"Except before strangers? Good heavens."
"Not rt all. I haven't..." "Not at all. I haven't---"
"Hush, here she comes, I-I can't meet "She here, Bosh!"

I turned round, and beheld my wife. With a gasp I fell back a step. Jack tore past Kitty and vanished through the open windows of the drawing-room.
"Was he reasonable?" asked Kitty. I could say nothing,
"I hope you were gentle with him, Bob,
he's a nice boy, though he's a particularly
silly one. He meant no harm, Bob."

"Was—was—was he——" I stammered.
"What the dickens does it mean?"
"Only," said Kitty, coming close up to me,
"that he's quite forgotten Clara Wilkinson, "That you've got rather a nice wife. Bob." "Did you say anything

I looked at her for a moment.

"Heavens," I cried, and rushed into the house. That young man would go and tell all the club that my wife and I—oh, Lord!

"Jack, Jack, Jack, you young fool!"

yelled.

The butler appeared.

"Mr. Vincent, sir, has just jumped into the dogcart, sir—it was at the door by your orders—and driven off like mad. He said he

orders—and driven off like mad. He said he was summoned to town, sir."

I sank down in a chair. Presently Kitty came in. She was laughing.

"Oh, dear." she said; "and I thought you were so nice and considerate in pretending not to see it!" And the silly little woman went off into a fit of giggling.

Then I told her the opinion of her and of our domestic happiness which Jack Vincent was carrying away with him. That sobered her, and we began to send telegrams. But the young rufflan (he may break his heart next time, and welcome!) had gone straight to the club.

When I go there now they ask me, sym-pathetically, if matters are "any better?" I know what they mean.—Black and White,